

CAMPING OUT
IN THE
YELLOWSTONE

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IN THE
YELLOWSTONE

. Letters written in 1882, by
Mrs. MARY B. RICHARDS
to The Salem Observer

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THE START.

SALT LAKE CITY REVISITED. A SERVICE IN THE
MORMON TEMPLE. PREPARING FOR THE TRIP.
THE EQUIPMENT. FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY AND
THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

In Camp Camas Prairie,
Rocky Mountains,
August 1st, 1882.

WE are en route for the Yellowstone National Park. On July 27th we arrived at Salt Lake City where we purchased blankets and provisions. The change in the appearance of the City of the Saints since 1870 is great. At the time of our first visit it was a peaceful place with neat houses, large gardens, and clear water running plentifully through its streets. Today we find it full of busy, bustling people, many of them Gentiles, who rush thither amid street cars, saloons, clouds of dust, a diminished supply of water, and warring of religious and social beliefs and the increasing contentions of business competition.

For many miles as we approached the city we noted a great increase in cultivated land. Thousands of acres have been irrigated by mountain streams forced into new channels by skilful and in-

dustrious Mormons. Labor and patience have conquered a desert of sand, salt, and sage brush ; have banished coyote, owl and rattlesnake ; and houses and barns of farmers stand in groves and orchards overlooking broad fields of grain and grass.

The Continental, formerly the Townsend, welcomed us to its cool piazza, broad portal and excellent table. The heat in sunshine, was intense and the dust aggravating. We made our purchases of blankets and provisions for camp outfit regardless of benefit conferred on Mormon, Jew or Gentile. Early in the morning of the 29th we visited the graves of Brigham Young and his first wife. An immense rectangular block of stone, worthy by its size of a place in Cheops, marks the "Prophet's" resting place ; while "the wife's" beside his is unsodden and uncared for.

Afternoon found us deep in the waters of Great Salt Lake. Thither we went on a train of six open cars, loaded to repletion with warm and pleasure-seeking denizens of the city. Portions of the lake shore have been named Black Rock and Garfield. At the latter point a long pier, doubly lined with bath houses stretches into the tideless expanse of blue. At the shore end is a modern restaurant of very modest pretensions where benches, beer, gingerbread and bathing suits may be had for nickels and dollars.

The lake is very large, its shores sinuous, and with the mountains so nearly encircling it, forms a

picturesque background to the near and strangely grouped bathers and spectators. We found the water buoyant, more so than that of the Dead Sea ; not bitter but much salter. The bucket of fresh water placed in every dressing room is an absolute necessity for removing the salt which incrusts the skin on leaving the lake.

Sabbath morning the 30th, we joined the worshippers in the temple, a building whose egg-shaped roof figures in every picture of Salt Lake City. The Temple is a strange and ugly edifice, constructed throughout in defiance of architectural grace, but answering the purpose of its builders. Ten thousand persons can be simultaneously sheltered from sun or rain on comfortable seats ; can enjoy perfect ventilation and hear distinctly the voice of a speaker or the faintest note of the organ. A choir of over a hundred voices took places : men on the left, women on the right of the organ. Between organist and audience was the pulpit, which comprised several rows of velvet-cushioned benches and many reading desks. Below these was a long table upon which were arranged vessels used in the communion service ; viz., dozens of pitchers, baskets and two-handled goblets, all of silver or plated ware.

Among the apostles in the pulpit sat D. H. Wells, the successor of Brigham Young, but John Taylor was not present. At each side of the choir and filling the entire width of the edifice were rows upon rows of Mormon elders, the majority of them

gray-headed, serious-visaged men. We were given seats in the very midst of the Mormon multitude, below the pulpit and near the Lion fountain in the centre of the building. The splashing of four jets of falling water, the chirping of sparrows darting in and out over our heads, and the intermittent squeak and babble of at least fifty babies in arms, gave a variety of sound before the singing of hymns began.

I studied the forms and faces of old and young men and women around me, and failed to discover aught above or below commonplace in line or expression. A crowd of human beings in a civilized community is much the same. Doubtless here, as elsewhere, beneath calm, hard or passionless exterior are deep regrets, vain longings and many a breaking heart. After the singing of a hymn, ten elders took places standing side by side at the table below the pulpit, and commenced breaking large slices of bread in small pieces; these they piled up in baskets, on which blessing was asked by an apostle, and then distributed to the people, each basket being passed up one row of seats and down the next till empty. It was then refilled, blessed and passed as before.

In a church of six or seven thousand communicants much time is required for this service and the text was announced and sermon commenced before the blessing of the water. No wine is used, and the preacher paused in his sermon while both bread

and water were blessed. I thought of the miracle of the loaves and fishes as I saw bread and water appear in vast quantities, from I saw not where, on that long, narrow table. For over an hour the ten pair of hands were not idle, and excepting the baby movement and noise, the vast audience was still and reverent. But I must not linger at Salt Lake City.

We are here in camp. To me the life is new, and a daily record may be interesting to those who care to hear from a yet unexplored, unimproved pleasure ground. We left the city Sunday afternoon by the Utah and Northern Railroad. At Ogden took a sleeping car for Beaver Canyon. All along this road are Mormon towns and villages where green fields, large barns, fat stock, and plenty of children are prominent objects. At Brigham, one of the largest towns, children brought cool milk, peaches, apricots and grapes to the cars for sale.

The scenery is wild and beautiful. After sunset the irregular ridge of mountains, at whose base the railroad runs, clothed itself in dark blue and purple shadows. Above and below its undulations the moon seemed to rise and set as we sped smoothly and rapidly northward. One after another the stars came out and our fellow passengers "turned in" till only ourselves remained awake to watch the wonderful beauty of the midnight sky.

At noon of the 31st we reached Beaver Canyon,

where our camp life commenced. The village consists of a dozen log houses, two saloons and a big water tank. Its citizens are bound to other parts of the world by railroad and a telegraph office. Here are located some half dozen of the Bassett Brothers, fine enterprising fellows of the true pioneer stamp, who undertake to prepare and carry you in and through the National Park in good form; to bring you out all right by the way you went in, or start you in line for the northern exit by way of Bozeman and the Northern Pacific.

A proposed journey to and a sojourn in the wilderness, one hundred and ten miles distant from Beaver Canyon, and sixty-five miles long by fifty-five miles wide; where dwell neither butcher, baker nor blacksmith, requires much forethought and preparation to make it a success. Selecting from our trunks the thickest and oldest clothing, a change of boots, a few towels, gloves and our rubber coats, we stowed them in an English hamper, scarcely larger than a champagne basket. This, with our blankets and a rubber sheet, fitted exactly under a seat of our wagon.

Our hotel at Beaver Canyon was a little log house, whose door opened almost into the village well. The water of this much-used well was clear and cool. We sent the big tin pail at the rope's end many times down for coolness and consolation during our days of hard thinking and labor. We slept under the logs one night, leaving at noon August

first for the park, whose western boundary is one hundred miles distant from Beaver Canyon.

Our outfit (two persons), consisted of a wall tent, blankets, buffalo skins, axe, hatchet, nails, ropes, hammer and wheel grease; flour, sugar, lard, ham, eggs packed in oats, canned meats, fruits and jellies; a long tailed frying pan, bake kettle, coffee pot, tin plates, cups and spoons, knives and forks; a capital driver, an accomplished cook, two large balky horses and lastly the all important spring wagon, canvas-covered, large, strong, rather stiff in the joints, but possessing a fitness for its purpose which we soon learned to appreciate. This outfit cost us eighteen dollars per day.

Our driver, Ernest, is the son of a Mormon; he thinks he has about twenty-five brothers and sisters, children of four wives. One of these wives is dead, another "put away", and the remaining two wives live with their husband. The entire family of children are adults and not one a polygamist, or polygamist's wife. Our cook, Peter, is a natural Bohemian. Born in Paris, he has lost his mother tongue in his wanderings in many lands. Loving nature and freedom he has learned to earn his living wherever man, pushed by spirit of adventure can exist. He has clear, honest blue eyes, a complexion like a Scandinavian, makes good bread, shoots a pine-hen on the wing, dresses, broils and serves it with a better than Delmonicoes sauce. What more can we require of him?

August 1st—8 P. M.

We are in camp on Camas Meadows twenty miles from human habitations. Our horses left home reluctantly; one even laying down in harness to show his disapproval of the journey; a brief, forcible process of frontier persuasion reversed his physical and mental position, and we started for the Park at a speed that astonished loungers by the village well. In a short time, however, our four-footed friends settled calmly to their work and Ernest assures me that henceforth no pet lambs will be more docile. The distance from Beaver Canyon to Lower Geyser Basin is about one hundred and ten miles. We are to camp three nights on the route. This, our first night in camp, is in a broad meadow from which the Bassett Brothers have cut a crop of native grass. Part of this has been drawn many miles away and part remains stacked in an immense mass.

Our tent, white, taut drawn, stands near the margin of a clear creek, across which we have seen several mink swim. Inside our new home is our furniture, viz.: a bed of blankets folded on a rubber sheet, our hamper for a table, a wagon seat for a sofa, a candle set in a bottle for an electric light, a tin wash basin, soap and towels on a pile of grass for a toilet room—only these and nothing more. On our western outlook rises a superb range of mountains, their snowy tops still ruddy with sunlight that has said good night to us. Northward other and

more distant heights still reflect daylight. All around us is daylight and shadow.

A camp fire, now having finished its blazing, is at work baking bread and boiling coffee and broiling pine-hen and ham. How hungry we are! The horses have drank deeply, are cool and contentedly munching their oats, of which we carry a large supply for their especial solace and reward. Our road today has been mostly level and will continue so till we reach the range that feeds the Great Snake river and its tributaries. We have forded many steep banked streams, and studied the working of the "brake" which, so well handled, holds the wagon in any position.

We have seen a small herd of antelope and scores of sage and pine-hens who run or flutter along directly in front of our horses as if inviting the sure shot of Peter's revolver. Here comes our welcome Granymede loaded with our late supper! The banquet hall is lit up, the collation spread on hamper and grass. Exit witnesses. Tent flaps lowered and tied. Leave us alone to our first supper and sleep so close to the bosom of mother earth.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

COFFEE IN CAMP AND INCIDENTS ON THE WAY.
HORSES URGED ON BY FLIES. ANIMALS, FISH
AND BIRDS ENLIVEN THE SCENE. A TYPICAL
PLAINSMAN.

In Camp, Lake Henry,
Near Tyghee Pass, Rocky Mts.,
Wednesday Evening, August 2.

ANOTHER full day has gone. We are forty-five miles farther on our way. Sounds of the axe and a crackling fire awakened us before sunrise. We looked out from our tent on a rosy sky, a lawn covered with dew, and a misty range of mountains at whose base lay the goal of our new day. Our boys had slept under the stars; their grey blankets still lay on the grass; empty cylinders from which they drew themselves out at dawn. Our horses, voluntarily returned to the wagon from their night's free grazing, were patiently waiting their breakfast. The stiff, cut stalks of grass inside our tent were wet and cold. We aired our blankets by spreading them on a frame of sticks, while we breakfasted outside the canvas. Never was coffee so delicious,—its aroma sweetened even that morning atmosphere! "Condensed Milk, Eagle Brand,"

a sigh shall lie down with every emptied can that goes to mark the trail of campers to Yellowstone National Park!

To strike a tent, clear table, feed and harness horses and to start was the happy occupation of an hour. We crossed a few low hills and entered the "Ten mile Meadow," whose sides are rolling and grassy as some of our western prairies. Here is a fine soil, gravel and rich loam, watered by never failing streams. Too distant markets and too severe winters are only and perhaps insurmountable drawbacks to its settlement by agriculturalists and stock raisers. We forded the Snake River twice, and on the road which is almost lost in boggy soil high grass and reeds, the dreaded horse-fly made his aggravating debut. Later in the season he disappears, but this fact gave no relief to our animals. They needed no urging and quickened their pace. "Their load is nothing when a fly stings" said Ernest, and by and by we reached a high ridge beside the river where they were unharnessed for the noon rest, and a cool breeze banished their tormentors. The current of the stream was clear and we saw many large fish enjoying life in their way, while below us on a sandy point several white cranes slept, standing on one leg, totally oblivious of our vicinity. During the forenoon we saw two fine elk, and large herd of antelope among which Peter wasted an ill-intentioned cartridge. Brant, wild geese and snipe were plenty, and we had a plump young pine-hen for

supper, the savor of whose flesh surpassed that of any November turkey.

Our afternoon progress was over level ground and toward the still retreating mountains encircling Henry's Lake. It was past sunset when this gem of Rocky Mountain Lakes, beloved and frequented by the red man, coveted and conquered by the white, came in view.—It is five miles long by two wide and lies at the foot of mountains which nearly encircle it and rise above it to a height of over three thousand feet. Forests of pine, aspen and willow are reflected in its calm surface, which is five hundred feet below the summit of the Tyghee Pass. Many of the heights around are girdled or banded with snow. The Lake teems with fish. Stories told by fishers of their exploits with spear or hook and line are too large for my pages. Wild game both four footed and feathered abounds and waits only the appearance of good hunters to surrender "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." A few rude cabins erected by Sawtelle, one of the first pioneers, stand deserted on the north bank, although fear of the Indians has passed away. Our camp is close to a battle ground where the Nez-Perces were defeated. We are shown graves, marked by stakes, of soldiers who were killed during the fight.

As darkness came on we reclined on the grass and were listening to a story about "a good Indian" when we spied far back on the prairie a horseman coming rapidly towards us. We were sixty-five

miles from human habitations, we four alone, with only courage of three men, one shot gun and a pair of revolvers for defence. I listened for a war-whoop, almost expecting to see a whole band of savages appear at the heels of the rider. Who, save an Indian, and a very bad one too, could ride like the coming guest! Before the laugh raised at my expense was over, a small Indian mare stopped as suddenly as if shot, by our dying fire. A man, once white, dressed in buckskin, leather fringed, and red flannel, shouted a greeting to our boys, calling them by name. He had seen the smoke of our fire and the cover of our wagon from the foothills where he had been looking at his traps, and had come down six or eight miles to hear from Camas Meadow and the Beyond. He was a fair specimen of an Idaho frontiersman. Would that I could introduce him to you and to a civilization that he scorns. He was of fine form and feature; thin, agile, brown as a chestnut and with uncombed hair and beard. His eyes were clear and sharp, looking through instead of at you while he spoke. The past fifteen years of his life have been spent mostly in open air. It is said that a true frontiersman can rarely be persuaded to enter a house. His worldly effects were carried with him on the back of his mare. A rifle, belt full of cartridges, an awful looking knife at his side, a long-barrelled revolver stuck in the back of his pantaloons, a pipe tied into a string around his hat. When he goes

far from a camp or his game traps he has a pack pony for blankets, cooking utensils, fishing materials, articles for preserving skins of larger game, and a small stock of clothing or groceries.

We are told that we shall meet many such men in the Park and its neighborhood. They catch and sell fish or game to amateur sportsmen, to chance travelling parties and occasionally during the season visit villages on the new railroad routes to sell elk, deer or antelope meat, thereby gaining money enough to carry them through the winter. During the season they hibernate, almost like bears in some den of a country saloon, where, when whisky circulates, they wake up and tell "o'er true tales" of their summer exploits. For such men, horse, dog and gun take the place of home, wife and children, and I am glad to have seen and talked with a live specimen of the rare genus. He assured us that he made the road, over which we travelled from Beaver Canyon for the use of trappers and hunters, that the Indians never worried him, that game would follow the Indian, etc., all of which I try to believe. I must finish by candle light. Our guest has gone to sleep outside with his head on a saddle. He covered up the gun and pistol with my large plaid shawl. Heaven grant he may not consider it his game when he leaves before daylight!

MAKING RAPID PROGRESS.

OVER A HUNDRED MILES ON THE WAY. THE
LAST DAY'S JOURNEY, REACHING THE PARK IN
THE EVENING. PROSPECTOR CALLS. BLACK
TAIL DEER FOR SUPPER.

In Camp at Fire Hole Basin,
Yellowstone Park,
Thursday Evening, August 4.

ONE hundred and ten miles since noon of
August 1st. Our horses are large and
strong; they have chosen their own pace.
We shall lie down to-night in the National Park,
and near the first hotel built within its boundaries.

We broke camp early as will be our custom. We
found the shawl folded smoothly; a half dozen
superb salmon trout left on the grass; our guest
gone. Our appetites increase at each meal. Peter
finds that he must shoot an elk or antelope soon, or
failing in this, must be prepared to issue and share
short rations of ham.

Tyghee Pass is a natural path through the first
range that separated us from the Park. Its alti-
tude is 7063 feet. The air grew perceptibly cooler
as we rode on, and flowers kin to many we found in
Alpine regions grew in profusion. Beyond the pass

extends a fine road for ten miles along the high bank of Madison river. It is smooth and perfect as any macadamized road in England. Our horses drank at every ford and we had leisure to gather a large bouquet of familiar flowers; Larkspur, Monkshood and Gentian, of unusually large size and depth of color. We have seen today antelope and deer feeding, an elk, badgers, and a large bear's track freshly made.

We lunched at Riverside, a camping ground on the shore of Madison river, here a broad, turbulent stream bordered with great boulders and groves of tall pines. Here a "Prospector," of the pure pioneer stamp made his appearance leading a dusty, weary pack horse. The man carried a pick, and a case which we afterwards learned held instruments and chemicals for testing value of ores. Pointing to the river, the first words he said were "Take a big drink before you start out! There ain't a drop of water between here and Fire Hole Basin, fifteen good miles!" A few qualifying words that he used I omit for the "Observer's" sake. Unstrapping the heavy load from his "compagnon du voyage" both hurried to the stream and plunged into its coolness. Learning from our boys that another party would follow in a few days the "Prospector" put on the "Hunter"; examined his rifle and said he would camp there a day or two, shoot an elk and a few antelope and give the meat to whoever might choose to give him a little ham in exchange. We watched

the child of fortune as whistling cheerfully he set himself to preparing his dinner. His horse, hobbled to prevent too distant straying, went jumping up a side hill like a kangaroo and was soon busy in the "bunch grass" which all horses seem to prefer to more succulent herbage. The man, skilled by daily practice, had a fire blazing in less than two minutes. Taking from the pack the undonewithout frying pan and tin pot he soon prepared a repast of antelope steak, ham, hard tack and coffee, which he ate and drank from the utensils in which they were cooked,—and with a relish and certainty of good digestion any one might envy. Then, sauntering to the nearest shade he stretched himself on the grass and seemed to sleep.

After an interesting and refreshing nooning, we saw that our animals received an extra amount of oats to cheer them for their coming climb, and started on foot ourselves for the summit, seven miles distant. The second range is by far the steepest, the new road leading directly across a bold spur of the Rocky Mountains. Below this, on the other side lies the Lower Geyser, usually called Fire Hole Basin, at a height of 7250 feet above sea level. Divesting ourselves of all superfluous clothing we walked steadily upward, turning at every conquered height to breathe and to admire the panorama below. Our delighted eyes rested on verdant meadows, winding streams, undulating foot hills, green with dense forests of brown, black and white where fire

and tempest had set their colors. Arrived at length at the summit after a three hours' walk we waited for our wagon, and enjoyed a new prospect.

The southern and western boundary of the Park, a grand semi-circular line of summits many snow crowned, were in full view. The appearance of the wagon cover slowly rising over the brow of the hill was welcome. Our day was fast speeding. We were sad and glad to see the hind quarters of a fine black-tailed deer occupying our wagon seat. Peter had shot the unfortunate creature ten minutes after leaving Riverside. Consequence, one less happy life in these glorious solitudes, four more varied suppers in our evening camp.

The descent to Fire Hole Basin, six or seven miles, was made in less than two hours through a thick pine forest. Not one drop of water did we see. We grew thirsty ourselves and inwardly excused one adverb and two adjectives used by our friend at Riverside. When the brake was applied, at the top of the last slide down hill, we took our first look at Geyserland. We saw at our feet a small story and a half hewn log house, the first hotel built in Yellowstone National Park. A few rough sheds and a tent adjacent formed the settlement, lying at the base of a steep cliff covered with tall pines. A brook of cold water coursed near the buildings. Between the hills we had descended, and the river running through the Basin, spread a wide velvety lawn where a few horses grazed. Be-

yond these were foot hills, with groups and forests of pine and fir trees skirting a belt of white earth and sand, here and there broken in ridges or rising in regular cone shaped hillocks. Amidst the trees and from and above the white belt rose and floated columns, wreaths and puffs of steam, looking as if the white clouds of a summer sky had fallen ; and were moving, lost and bewildered, in a strange region.

It is nearly nine p. m. We are thankful for the long weary day just past, thankful for its sights, sounds and its supper. We will waste no moment in discussing comparative merit of deer steak, potted chicken or fried ham, and find no opportunity for argument on the assertion that camp life insures dreamless and refreshing sleep.

ENTERING THE PARK.

TRAMPING AND CAMPING IN THE YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK. TWO RUNAWAY HORSES. THE
GLASS MOUNTAIN. SWAN LAKE, TERRACE
PASS AND WILLOW PARK. THE GEYSERS.

Mammoth Hot Springs,
Saturday, August 5, 1882.

WHILE we and our horses were breakfasting this morning, two horses came galloping toward us from the direction of Elk Park. A man followed, shouting to Ernest to stop them at the bridge. We recognized Jack Baronett, whose horses had left business and started back for Montana, their birthplace, some hundred miles distant. Ernest and Peter each seized a halter, and each led and held a horse across a narrow bridge, thus effectually blocking the retreat of the faithful steeds. When their owner reached them they commenced rubbing their noses against his breast and arm, as if to say, "this behavior is all a joke, we are delighted that you ran all these miles after us." The trio were soon returning to Elk Park to camp, saddle and pack. We foresee that the "hobbles" will grace two pair of slender forelegs to-night.

Our road to-day has been one of thorns, but the

unique scenery has made amends. At Beaver Lake among its willows and tall rushes, we met a pack train of ten mules, four horsemen and a large dog, "bound from the northern forts with supplies for a government surveying party which they expect to meet in the Park."

Rising from the lake is a great curiosity, worth a thousand mile journey to see. A mountain, with outlying palisades and columns of obsidian, or volcanic glass. It is a black, brown or a reddish yellow, is extremely hard and was used by the Indians for arrow heads, weapons and tools. The only method of making a wagon road or even a foot trail over its smooth sloping sides, was to subject it to alternate heating and sudden cooling by fire and water. This caused huge cracks and splintering of the surface, and by pick and axe vigorously applied, a rough, narrow road of broken glass is made; probably the first and last of its kind on our continent. A photographer and his assistant were there, looking as if they had felt "nature in her wildest mood." They were trying to find a good position from which to take pictures of this strange mountain and its surroundings.

Willow Park, Indian Creek and Swan Lake were passed in the early afternoon. At Indian Creek we found groups of trees, whose bark had been recently peeled by squaws for cooking, and three fine tepee poles left behind among some bushes. Peter tells me that the ground end of these tall slender

poles so sharp and smooth, is made so by dragging for miles behind a pony.

Swan Lake did not belie its name. We saw many water fowl in its vicinity, tame and undisturbed by our presence, and near a shelving bank, floating slowly on the unrippled surface, a little fleet of snow white swan. Beautiful denizens of the woods and waters! May it be long ere the merciless shot of a civilized intruder disturbs your peace!

After a short but disturbed struggle with a range of hills, we entered the Terrace Pass that separates us from a view in the gorge in which the Hot Springs are situated. We learned that the descent, a distance of three miles, was extremely steep and difficult for our horses. The ascent would be still more so. We decided to walk down, leaving our wagon for the night by the roadside. The boys were to pack a few necessities of food and shelter from the night air, on the backs of the horses and lead them down to eat their oat supper and breakfast below. "Property like a heavy wagon is safer anywhere than a pair of good horses" said Peter, "and we shall want them for company." So we lowered and fastened the side canvas and left the wagon and its contents, moored in a bed of ripe, wild strawberries, close to the road.

We soon came to openings in the trees through which we had glimpses of a wonderful gorge, deeply sunken fifteen hundred feet below the pass. Hills, plains, terraces and bare white or yellow slopes

came in view. Not until we reached the "Devil's Thumb" and stood by the gate of the enclosure surrounding the residence of the superintendent of the Park, whereon is inscribed "No animals permitted to enter this gate," did we take in the strangeness of the scene.

The main terrace from which the hottest and largest springs flow is over a thousand feet above Gardiner River. Below this ridge, composed of great basins from twenty to forty feet in diameter, are hundreds of other terraces and basins large and small, into which the water boiling from the upper reservoir falls in its never ceasing overflow. Some of the basins are round, others oval or semi-circular and all are attached to the main formation, which is a vast pyramid resting on a base of a white and reddish line. Each basin, however small, has its beautifully wrought rim, its own peculiar form and color of lining. All are full and overflowing, bathed from summit to base in the mineral charged water. The colors displayed are not to be described. One can walk easily and securely from basin to basin on their hard margins, so constantly renewed or increased by sediment of the flow from the upper and great springs. Part of the overflow reaches the Gardiner River, part disappears in caves and crevices that abound in its vicinity.

Facing the terraces, and on the very summit of a small hill opposite, is the private residence of the superintendent of the Park. Water used for house-

hold purposes is carried thither in barrels from a brook flowing a quarter of a mile below. By this brook whose clear, cool water renders this place inhabitable is the "Hotel", a small log house of three rooms; the second built in the Park. The owner, J. C. McCartney, vacates his abode for the season and dwells outside. We saw him early this morning followed closely by a dog and a cat, who share with a favorite horse, his protection and care.

As recently as 1877, Indians drove away the half-dozen residents and visitors to this place, shooting fatally the owner of a log shed as he stood in his own doorway. His body lies on the other side of the brook, and is marked by a rough wooden bath tub in which he was placed for burial. Finding the improvised coffin too large, and the grave too small, they took out the corpse and placed it uncovered in the ground. The bath tub waiting removal. It may be used in some coming season, when lures of "healing streams" and "Bethesda Pools" draw scores of invalids hither hoping for relief or cure.

The tout ensemble of the entire scene from the piazza of the superintendent's house is unique. These peerless springs, whose still bubbling pools bear colors the eye vainly seeks in sky or on earth; whose basin walls of graceful form and glowing hues were unsurpassed in palace baths, dreamed of or built by Akbar for his houris; set as it were in a frame of outlying forest, hill and mountain, form

a sublime picture which waits the hope and despair of the coming artist.

We extended our ramble below the brook of cool water, which, after supplying the settlement and a pasture actually sinks into the strange soil, leaving no sign of its previous and useful existence.

Beyond the foot of the gorge we saw the road to Bozeman, like a thread winding about the barren hills. We found a wide meadow, an unmistakable ancient geyser ground, clothed with a sparse vegetation approaching as if with careful steps to the verge of extinct "Spouters and Roarers." We came often to great circular cisterns abruptly sunken in a depth of from ten to a hundred feet from the level. In the bottom of one of these lay the bones of a large animal. We also saw many cast off skins of snakes. This meadow offers very few inducements to settlers or campers.

We were told of a traveler who, awakened in the night by a noise supposed to be thunder, found himself, his tent, his horse and other belongings, all unharmed at the bottom of a deep pit. Of course he was resurrected, else whence the story? Peter's short speech as he gazed down one of the biggest the deepest holes tells volumes, "There's no dump to these pits; a piece of the world fell in, that's all."

A rough ladder made by thrusting long pegs of pine through the trunk of a tree, assisted us to descend and explore a narrow cave, whose entrance is

at the bottom of a shallow depression. It was getting dark and the walls of the cave sloped so irregularly that little light entered. We found a hard footing, but could not advance far as we had neither guide, candles or on my part inclination to linger in this very throat of a once great spouting geyser.

We returned somewhat tired to camp. The boys, busy getting supper, reported the horses' dislike of the air, water and grass of the Mammoth Hot Spring gorge. We voted unanimously, being in Wyoming my voice counted, to leave early tomorrow morning for our wagon; to breakfast there and endeavor to camp in the afternoon in Elk Park.

IN GEYSERLAND.

VISIT TO MAMMOTH SPRINGS. A LAKE OF HOT WATER. THE CANYON AND FALLS OF THE GIBBON. A PERILOUS CROSSING. THE DEVIL'S DEN. GENTIAN IN HOT WATER.

North Fork of Gibbon River,
Friday Evening, August 4.

THE first sound that greeted our ears this morning was the music of meadow larks ; the first sight, a tiny ground squirrel perched on the handle of a tin cup, busily nibbling a lump of sugar. He darted out under the canvas at our first movement. We are unaware of other matinal or nocturnal visits. Sub-rosa, I have endeavored every night to close all large crevices, left by inequalities of the ground between it and the tent edge, by judiciously placing therein handfuls of grass, brushwood, stones and spare tent pins.

Before leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs this morning, we paid a hurried visit to the Geyser meadow, within view of our encampment. Crossing Fire Hole river by a foot bridge, we found a bath house of logs, whose tub was supplied with warm water flowing in from an open sluice-way laid from a boiling spring. The water flows from a

symmetrical white cone ten or twelve feet below the river bed, is soft and pure, issuing at boiling heat from a great depth.

Walking a few rods over a hollow sounding calcareous deposit, we stopped beside a boiling pool, at least ten feet in diameter, close beside and separated only by a thin deposit of lime from the cold river, into which its steaming overflow fell. Within two hours time and a circuit of two miles we proceeded at first carefully, as footing seemed insecure, afterwards fearlessly over strange geyser soil, if such it may be called ; it is neither wet, dry, hot nor cold, neither is it mud, stone, sand, lime, clay, magnesia, alum or brimstone, but a mixture of all these and a thousand more ingredients. It may be of any thickness beneath your feet, from an eighth of an inch to a thousand fathoms, and below is—who can answer? Here we took our initiation step into the “Wonders of Geyserland.”

We crossed shallow brooks of hot water, stood on the thin verge of round, deep pools fathomless to eye or line, watched their clear water seethe and boil, fall in foamy cascades over their indented edges, or suddenly becoming calm and smooth allowing us to approach and see the varied color of the incurved sides of the basin and the fringed or scalloped margins of their polished rims. Most of these pools lie even with the surrounding surface ; some by incessant ebullition and deposit from high cones more or less pyramidal and sufficiently hard

to bear the weight of a horse and rider. These cones and pools regular and beautiful in shape alternate with what we believe to be extinct or dried up craters, cover an area extending for many miles beyond the arid belt before mentioned.

Guided by signs of white steam ascending before and beside us, we found new wonders at every turn. Behind a belt of sickly fir trees we stumbled upon a "Paint Pot," an oval orifice whose longest diameter must have been twenty-five feet, filled almost to the brim with a mixture looking like liquid chalk. At one end this had a bright pink color, at the other was white as snow. These colors blended imperceptibly and the whole mass was bubbling and boiling violently as if a great fire raged beneath its rocky cauldron. The ground all around was splashed and dotted with masses constantly ejected. A strange sound and perceptible tremor of the place where we stood, sent me quickly in a new direction. A slight boiling over of the "Paint" took place, then all was comparatively still again.

Not a hundred yards distant was a small innocent looking lake with a pine tree and reeds and grasses mirrored in its clear depths. Among the grasses I saw a profusion of the blue gentian. In gathering a cluster or clump, the roots came up easily and I found them quite warm. We approached and dipped our fingers to test the water, but quickly withdrew them, scalded and reddened for the day. On our return across a boggy mead-

ow to our camp, we succeeded in believing that all the specimens, vegetable and mineral, which we had gathered, were of "no account," and that we had just begun to see the geysers.

The distance from Fire Hole Basin to the Mammoth Hot Springs is fifty miles of very bad roads. Stumps, set singly or in clumps at every hitable position, steep pitches both short and long, terminating invariably in either bog holes or a yard of corduroy, and perpendicular or soft bottomless approaches to the frequent fords make the way, like Jordan's "a hard road to travel." Within the first sixteen miles we pass safely "Earthquake Cliffs" and Gibbon Falls and Canyon.

The falls are one hundred and fifty feet high, falling over broad boulders, which spread the large volume of water like a lace curtain, in its foamy breaking. He who would see this beauty from below must go to and return from the base of the cliff by an almost perpendicular path, unaided by hand rail or ladder. We forded the Gibbon twice. At the second crossing, a large tree had fallen lengthwise in the current, necessitating a detour in deep water and over obstinate boulders in the bed of the stream. A triumphant exit, however, proved the strength of both horses and wagon; our goods getting some wet from water reaching them to the depth of several inches.

The road continued rough through the canyon, leading close to the river and at the base of cliffs

rising many thousand feet above us. The scant soil clinging to their steep sides, seemed only held in place by bare trunks of a myriad of fallen pine trees, which lay piled upon each other at every possible angle. At one point the cliffs rise from the river too steeply to allow building a road, and we passed along some distance in the bed of the stream.

Soon after our entrance to the Canyon of the Gibbon we stopped in mute astonishment before one of the most awful spectacles of the Park. At the top of a great half cone of solid stone projecting into the river below, from the walls of the canyon, is the "Devil's Den," "Blower," "Roarer," or it can be called any other pet name. From a horizontal orifice five or six feet wide and equally high, a torrent of boiling water completely filling the space, poured in a basin directly below, whose depth all soundings have failed to determine. This cavity is forever full and overflowing. Frightful sounds, explosions of pent up water and steam, hissings, roarings, and earth shaking generally, made conversation or remark inaudible. In fact, one finds very little to say in presence of such a monstrous exhibition. Every blade of grass and leaf trembled as if in terror. Our horses seemed entirely at ease, stepping aside a little to avoid the overflow of hot water, which ran beneath their hoofs and down the steep slope to the river. All through the canyon are hot springs flowing or

spouting, coloring the banks with varied sediments or whitening for a few rods the clear flow of the Gibbon.

Emerging in an hour from this deep and wonderful valley, we came into Elk Park, a charmingly smooth and peaceful looking camp ground. The river winds to the left, and a group of fine pines stand close to a guard of high piled boulders on the right of the entrance. Blackened logs, tin cans, and bits of pasteboard, or paper lying about, told the tale of former and recent campers. Our horses, being still fresh and ambitious, we decided to go forward six miles before camping, promising ourselves to stop on that spot and visit the "Monument Geyser," and "Devil's Paint Pots," near by, on our return to Fire Hole Basin. A ford over a hot water stream "Geyser Brook," was made, and a range of hills crossed, some of them green, some destitute of vegetation, and some covered with the indescribable calcareous and sulphurous deposit, and many little meadows, uneven and spongy with extinct craters and their half hardened overflow of lime and mud.

Our road then led over a geyser basin, supposed to be the oldest in the Park, and once the scene of immense activity, whose area comprises twenty-five square miles. Prominent among the still living and working geysers are the "Monarch" and the "Minute Man," the latter a spouting geyser that ejects a forty foot column of water every

sixty seconds, day and night. Between these regular performances the water sinks back in its bowl, and we could see some distance down the narrowing sides of white and yellow stone.

The Monarch has washed away a great circle of soil and rock all around its premises; there were no signs of any very recent eruptions and deep crooked cavities that led down, down, down, nobody knows where, were dry and quiet; steam, however, ascended to the sky all about them. In fact, the whole surface of hill and meadow seems almost ready to burst with pent up heat and steam. Several times on attempting to gather crystals of alum or sulphur, I was smartly burned by the invisible heat, and twice, on dipping a cup into a spring, I found the water more than luke warm.

One fact still fills me with wonder. The blue gentian loves hot water. No other flower grows in such profusion where warm streams flow from these mineral sources. I have gathered it to-day near both wet and dry surfaces, where my feet, protected by heavy soles, found uncomfortably hot footing. The first vegetation that ventures to try life on a cooling geyser surface, is a sort of evergreen we call "Snake Bed." It is followed by diminutive seedlings of the purple aster, and a baby sun-flower, then a coarse grass, all seeds and little blade, creeps nearer the still steaming cavity, and then, up comes the delicate gentian, small, blue, and fringed daintily as ever. Who could have

suspected such a choice of a residence by that blue-blooded blossom!

As we rode over that great basin we saw its grey and white surface dotted with pools of every color, most of them lying in round rimmed receptacles varying in width and depth, but all overflowing and mingling their waters in a stream flowing fast to the valley.

It was late when we gladly halted here and prepared our weary horses and ourselves for the night's repose. A long corduroy bridge, the champion of its kind for unevenness, varies the outlook on tomorrow's road. Just before sunset we met Jack Baronett on his way to Elk Park, where he means to camp to-night. He is a noted pioneer and scout, and built the first bridge over the Yellowstone River. He has two fine looking horses, and would have told us stories by the camp fire had we stopped at his chosen place to-night.

In selecting a site for outdoor life, noon or night, wood and water are first essentials. We were warned by a croaker that we should find nothing but hot alum water for our bath, our horses and our coffee to-night. Ernest, who knows something of this wilderness, replied that the North Fork "ran cold water unless it had changed within two years." To our great joy it still runs cold water.

WONDERS OF THE PARK.

THE RETURN FROM THE HOT SPRINGS. THE MONUMENT GEYSERS AND THE TIGERS. BRILLIANT COLORS OF THE DEVIL'S PAINT POTS. A GOVERNMENT SURVEYING PARTY ENCOUNTERED.

Fire Hole Basin,
Monday Evening, Aug. 7.

WE reset our tent to-night on the same rectangle of grass where we slept the night of August 3rd, having returned from a most interesting trip to the Hot Springs, a distance of one hundred miles. We left camp at daylight, August 5th, after a night of heavy rain, and ascended the brims of the great pools for a farewell look. All were enveloped in clouds of steam, dense and rosy in the morning air. Walking slowly up the steep and lonely road, unmarked by wheel or footstep we remarked the all pervading silence, the dewy freshness of leaf and flower, and remembered that it was good to be alive and well in the perfect Sabbath morning.

A mile below the Pass we discovered a lake lying a few rods to the left of the road. It was almost concealed by tall pine trees, whose boughs sprung

from their trunks to the earth. The water of the lake was clear, boiling gaily from its center. Testing its heat with our hands we found it exactly right for a bath, which we proceeded to enjoy; R. swimming circuitously to the opposite shore, reporting the water clear, but near the center as too hot for comfort. There were plenty of toilet rooms, built years ago, secluded, convenient, and beautiful. An astonished bird on the boughs above, made musical observations on our appearance.

Our wagon and contents were undisturbed. We opened the provision box, gathered wood for a fire, and lying down on the grass, waited for the boys and horses. Here we all enjoyed a late and welcome breakfast, supplemented by small ripe strawberries which were abundant. Our return was uneventful, and we reached Elk Park before sunset. The air was balmy, the sky full of golden edged clouds. Neither sight nor sound of a mosquito, the sometimes only torment of the National Park, annoyed us. So we sat on a log outside the tent and supped with a genuine out of doors appetite. The Gibbon danced and sang close by our tent, which enclosed a group of meadow flowers in one corner. I placed a buffalo's skull, white and entire, horns down,—for a candlestick, superseding the ugly bottle.

As we spread our blankets a fearful chorus of guttural howls and yelps arose in our vicinity. "A pack of wolves is coming down on our fold," I

thought, and crying out to Ernest and Peter, received the explanation that the "gentle voices" were those of a great multitude of cranes, who gather at the river every summer evening and report on the crop of bull frogs.

On the following morning we crossed a trembling bridge of pine poles and followed a steep blazed trail up the mountain side to the Monument Geysers, a long mile distant. They are a very strange group, rising from a narrow strip of white lime. The bed of a once great stream extends to the Park below. The geysers seem to have outgrown the period of constant spouting and boiling, and merely grumble and simmer at the surface.

There were no signs of recent eruptions of water; the plateau and stream bed being comparatively dry and cool. We noticed a few perforations and crevices from which steam issued at intervals. The "Monuments" are five in number. The most conspicuous is a petrified tree trunk, three feet in diameter at its base, and five feet high. It is white and hard as marble, and sends up through its hollow center, a straight, slender column of swift moving, scalding steam.

The remaining four form a curious group at a short distance, resembling a rough cut family of tigers:—one couchant, one on the qui-vive, and a rolled up cub playing at the foot of the keeper, he being a plump, short fellow leaning over his dangerous pets. The watching tiger has an orifice

in his head, just in easy reach of one's eye or ear. To apply either is venturesome. An invisible current of hot air escapes this marble throat and the growling of a discontented spirit down below is plainly heard. This, however, was a very mild geyser field at the time of our visit. The most timid could study closely its objects without fear, save perhaps that of a burned face or finger.

Two miles from this place, on the other side of the river we found the "Devil's Paint Pots," and a very extensive collection of colors they hold. These "Pots," rocky bowls of varied dimensions, are sunken near each other on a hillside. Their contents resemble freshly mixed paint, each bowl containing a different color. Among the above there are pools of clear water; all are boiling furiously, and the overflow of water "paint", flows rapidly down the slope to the Park level and Geyser Creek.

As we came in sight of our first Park halting ground an unexpected scene presented itself. The lawn we left a solitude was dotted with tents. Hundreds of horses and mules were grazing, drinking or prospecting on the steep hillsides; scores of heavy wagons and long lines of emptied pack saddles were placed on the left bank of the stream, and the smoke of many and scattered camp fires rose from where groups of men sat or lay on the grass.

All this we saw, and felt a regret that the peace

of our first home in the Park, had departed, that we were no longer "monarchs of all we surveyed." We learned that the assemblage was a government surveying party, including an astronomer, who is to verify certain territorial division lines. This very civil party has a large military escort, and is both marking and making new roads. The location and use of said roads deponent is unable to ascertain.

Our journey to-day has been a short one of only sixteen miles. The way seems rougher on our return for we knew its ups and downs, and could not look forward hopefully to a smoother road of its distance. We believe a degree of military discipline prevails outside, for as we write, the notes of a bugle ring out clearly under the starry sky. The echo of Geyserland replies its call, whatever it may be. To me it says "all is well."

INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTIES.

A NEW TRAIL. BRUIN FOLLOWS THE WAGON.
SULPHUR MOUNTAINS. CAMPING IN THE WIL-
DERNESS. FELLOW CAMPERS BAKE AND BURN
THEIR BREAD.

Banks of the Yellowstone River,
Tuesday Evening, August 8.

MAY you live to visit, enjoy, and remember the Yellowstone National Park. I dip my pen in ink to-night with a keen sense of the audacity of an effort to continue my feeble description of its beauties. We are located for the night on a grass hill rising from the inner bend of a sharp angle in the longed-for river, which, having left the lake fifteen miles above and the intervening hills and valleys, enters at this sudden turning, deeper and narrowing channels leading into the thick forest.

Except southward, where a grassy meadow like a gateway opens on this paradise, we are surrounded by hills and distant mountains, which on the east, north, and west, rise to a great height of ten to twelve thousand feet. Purple, misty looking cliffs, interlocked like clasped fingers, inclose the Rapids, the Falls, and Great Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The wagon road terminates at this point; at times to-day it has been nearly impracticable.

A small company of workmen, whose tents and horses are below us on the edge of the stream, are opening a new road below the foot-trail. In future seasons, visitors to the canyon may view it from a wagon seat. Our path for to-morrow's walk is visible, leading over the near grassy hills and into the thick pine forest.

At sunrise this morning we forded for the fifth time, the Fire Hole River, leaving a Chinaman servant at the log hotel, the only visible awake creature in the Basin. Tents were all closed, not a fire lighted; even the horses and mules stood or layed motionless in the grass.

We find by experience that a long nooning agrees with both man and beast, hence these very early startings. Turning eastward from the Mammoth Hot Springs road, we entered on one untried, leading to the Lake Falls and Canyon. It proved a shade better, the soil being at times gravelly and the stumps more accommodating. Ascending and fording were the order of to-day. The East Fork of Fire Hole Basin River crossed our path five times.

While walking a few rods in advance of the wagon we came upon a last night's camp by Mary's Lake. On the soft, moist sand we discovered tracks of two bears differing much in size. We have been favored by long or short range interviews

with members of all the known families inhabiting the woods and waters of the Park, save that of Mr. Bruin. We hope, however, to salute a young and small bear before we leave the region favored by his presence. We learn that at nightfall he follows the track of wagons, horses or men visiting their deserted camp fires and gaining his summer livelihood by appropriating all eatables left. Here allow me to state the fact that the cook of our expedition, and probably his brotherhood of the frontier, look upon cold food of any description as unfit for the human stomach. Hence our daily meals have been served literally "hot as fire," hence also the bear attached to our train has been well supplied with plump, white biscuit, delicate slices of browned ham, and we presume, has examined, perhaps tasted and approved, the contents of half-emptied cans of jellies, fruits, milk and salmon. Nothing is wasted.

This afternoon we passed closely by the "Sulphur Mountains"; two enormous hills, one hundred feet high rising abruptly from a white plateau, and entirely destitute of vegetation. These strange hills furnish the specimen seeker with choice flakes and blocks of alum and powders, rolls and crystals of sulphur, which collect in purest quality and unlimited quantity around and above boiling pits at their base.

We have no room for loneliness to-night. Another wagon stands near ours, two black mules graze

with our horses and a second white tent stands out in bold relief against the pine forest. Two men and a dog have come to hunt and fish a week in the vicinity. They are novices in outdoor life. The first article unshipped was a sheet-iron cook stove. This they soon had red hot with a diet of pine cones. After stirring flour and other material in an iron pan, they placed it in the oven, recrammed the stove with fuel and went down the river bank to chat with the workmen, and afterwards for a bath. As I write the odor of burning biscuit and fumes of blazing pitch reach my wagon seat, and call my attention from these pages. Poor boys! They will ask for bread and receive only cinders on their return. One comforting assurance I find for them, they will live and learn. They shall receive the bear's bread ration to-night.

YELLOWSTONE CANYON.

A GLORIOUS TRAMP FROM BREAKFAST TO DINNER.
LOOKOUT POINT. THE EAGLE'S NEST. FALLS
AND RAPIDS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Yellowstone River,
Wednesday, Evening, Aug. 9.

AN easy trail of three miles leads through the forests to Lookout Point, passing on the way the Rapids, the upper and the lower, or Great Falls of the Yellowstone. To go and return between breakfast and dinner time is a pleasant walk, which any well woman should be able to accomplish and enjoy. We took staff and sketch book, and started soon after breakfast, across the still dewy grass of the hillside.

The path through the forest and by the river bank has no peculiar charm save its solitude. Whether winding among tall trees, around frowning cliffs, rising to a hill top, or skirting the steep bank, you perceive no token of human existence, you gain no glimpse of habitation, vehicle, boat or sign board. Not even a log is felled for a bridge over the sometimes deep brooks to the river. The narrow trail beneath your feet, bearing faint impress here and there of foot prints, is the

sole witness that you are not the Adam or Eve of pedestrians to this wilderness of beauty.

The Rapids are soon reached. They roar and tumble over the boulders lying at the base of converging precipices for a quarter of a mile, then plunge in one vast white mass to a cavernous basin one hundred and forty feet below. Following the verge of the descent, we gained a footing at the first bend of the then quiet river, and engaged a charming view of the Rapids, the upper Falls and the interlying foothills beyond.

Leaving this, our first resting place reluctantly, we regained the trail and walked on listening, as the sound of the Upper grew fainter, for the voice of the "Lower Fall," one-half mile below. We often lost sight of the river, but at length, after a severe scramble down a long, steep hillside, the sound and sight of the Great Falls of the Yellowstone came to us at once. Here the conviction came to us of hopeless inability to convey in words or skilfully drawn color, any idea of the sublime terror of this fall and its surrounding walls and canyon.

The river, suddenly compressed by projecting rock from a width of one hundred yards to as many feet, leaps in a mass of broken, wavering lines and columns into the vast basin three hundred and ninety-seven feet below. The roar of contact with air and rock is fearful; so is the glance you send down, down the foaming terror, as you stand

grasping the slight railing fixed on the overhanging rock, which vibrates beneath your feet.

A constant cyclone of disturbed air moves about the great spray cloud at the base of the fall; the concave sides of the basin, the perpendicular walls of the near heights are forever wet and dripping with condensed mist. They fairly glow in the sunlight with color which is reflected in the falling water. The ordeal passed, each pale drop of the Yellowstone emerges from beneath an enormous mass of spray, and taking its own little place helps reform the broken ranks and marches onward through the canyon.

Lookout Point crowns one of the elevations on the left wall. We there waited vainly for our boys to overtake us, and climbed to a more elevated position on a cliff less than a mile below. We were fully rewarded for our labor. We stood at least fifteen hundred feet above the river, which looked to us a mere narrow ribbon of liquid emerald. Our view extended up the canyon to the fall and far into the beyond. On turning northward, we could trace for a distance of many miles the sides of the mighty chasm and its imprisoned stream.

The Canyon of the Yellowstone is unlike anything or place we have seen on either continent. Its walls rise perpendicularly or in steep slopes, and are almost entirely destitute of vegetation. The coloring of these naked mineral stained masses, resembling castles, pyramids, towers and spires, is

as varied as their form. Every color possible by mixture of primaries can be seen; brown, red, grey, and yellow predominating. From our last observation point we looked directly down into two eagle's nests; in one of these were two fledglings, feebly stretching their wings and calling to the parent birds, who circled widely around. The nest was made of dry tree boughs and curved sticks placed on the tops of isolated pinnacles rising six or eight hundred feet above the bed of the river.

Many irregularly shaped masses of rock, separated from the main wall, are pure white, others of various shades of ochre hold strata or projecting bars and blocks of red or black breccia. Other columnar masses, grey, purple or golden brown, rise like symmetrical pillars, crowned with capitals beautiful as those of a temple at Philae. We saw no boulder in the bed of the stream. Volumes of water flowing for ages, have removed every obstacle and deepened and smoothed the eternal channel of the great river of "Wonderland."

At length the boys and our lunch appeared. We could not eat. There are hours when the prosaic routine of bodily life seems to vanish from our consciousness. We were "etherialized" and soared with the eagles above their glorious amphitheatre. Our return to camp and the jolting of our wagon soon "materialized" us.

TWO EXTREMES.

TERROR AND BEAUTY. THE TERRIBLE MUD VOLCANO. THE BEAUTIFUL YELLOWSTONE LAKE; ITS LOVELY ISLAND AND PICTURESQUE SHORES. A DESERTED CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Yellowstone Lake,
Thursday, Aug. 10.

SOON after losing sight of the Sulphur Mountains we halted suddenly before a novel and terrible spectacle. A few sunken, cone-shaped pits, puffs of steam issuing from beneath wayside rocks, a belt of light, naked soil presaged a geyser vicinity, but we were unadvised of our near proximity to the "Great Mud Volcano." A high hill had evidently been halved as straightly down to its base as if done with a huge knife. One part remained intact, the other had disappeared from human ken, leaving a semicircular pit fully fifty feet wide at the base. This hole was filled nearly to the top with dirty, bad-smelling mud, stones and tree stumps, all boiling like mad, together.

The half hill extant was covered with grass and flowers; a few trees near the summit stretched their green boughs over the steaming, grumbling cauldron below. The semiliquid mass had extended

under the gravelly base and visibly labored for its destruction with all it upheld. As we stood trembling with fright we heard and saw fragments of the tortured earth and stone fall and sink in the horrible mass. There had evidently been a recent eruption and overflow, as the ground and bushes around were covered with the same "dismal" colored mud.

We declined visiting a "Devil's Den," number two of the Park, said to be a half mile west of the volcano, contenting ourselves with the interview held with "Den Number One," in the canyon of the Gibbon, last week. The remainder of our afternoon's journey was over and around hills, covered with forests of pines and skirting the river.

"Yellowstone Lake" has an altitude of 7,788 feet. Its greatest direct length is thirty, its width from ten to twenty miles. Viewed from the summit of either of the three giants of its encircling mountain ranges, it resembles in shape a great silver hand with its far parted fingers. Its shores and waters are as yet almost unexplored. To its rare visitors they present a most picturesque aspect; some of its banks rise perpendicularly and are furrowed by cataracts and rapids pouring from snow-crested mountains; others slope gently in long, pebbly beaches; others are terraced by deposits from boiling springs that flow directly into the lake.

Fire and tempests have spared the forests that

clothe all the surrounding foothills. They are of a deep green color and blend imperceptibly with the blue and purple greys of lofty heights beyond. Broad bands lying vertically or horizontally, and rounded, angular, or sharply conical caps of snow can be seen in every direction on the far away mountain sides and summits. Many islands, like masses of pine trees or baskets of fairest wild flowers, seem to float on the transparent expanse of blue, which is yet unstirred by a dipping oar, unfurrowed by a gliding keel. From its unexplored inlets and covers the wild goose, duck, seagull, swan and pelican sail out their young broods, and moose, elk, bear and deer, are permitted to live fearless lives and die natural deaths in regions yet untrod-den by human feet.

Near our camp we found an old weather beaten log cabin. Its roof, formed years ago of pine boughs, has gathered debris of trees, winds and winter's snows, and now is a perfect bed of waving grass and blooming flowers. Swallows have colonized its doorless, windowless, floorless, interior. Sides and top are plastered with their nests. We call the birds swallows, as they resemble the New England barn swallow in every respect except color, these being of a dark velvety brown, uniform except at the neck, which has a collar the color of old gold encircling it. They seemed entirely undisturbed by our presence and allowed us

to examine unoccupied nests, without a twitter of remonstrance.

We are about to break camp and shall regrettingly leave this enchanting shore. The pure, exhilarating atmosphere, its savage solitude, its scenery of varied, inexhaustible beauty, have given us a season of content and rest kin to the "Peace that passeth understanding." Our morning's bath was in a shallow, white bleached cove where the water warmed by unseen streams from hot springs, made us envy the very fishes that could breakfast as well as bathe there. We explored the shore during the afternoon for several miles above and below our camp. Scattered along the entire distance we found rare and beautiful specimens of petrified wood, variously colored quartz, obsidian, and a few fragments of azurite.

Last night's sunset seemed made for us alone. We sat on the shore in the great silence and looked on water, earth and sky, all glorious with forms and colors we had seen only in dreams. Never can we forget the setting of the day king below the majestic and lonely mountains that gird America's fairest lake.

DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

HELL'S HALF ACRE. EXCELSIOR, SHERIDAN AND
GREAT GEYSER. MULE CONSUMES A TOWEL.
MORE FRIENDS.

Upper Geyser Basin,
Saturday, Aug. 12, 1822.

TOURISTS to "Wonderland" in near future seasons can and will dispense with camping outfit. They will "do" the tour in far less time in city clothes. The modern Hotel Fiend is now legally let loose by Uncle Sam in my arcadia. I know full well the followers in his train. Palatial cars will bear the traveler to the edge of the Park, where fences, toll houses, nurseries, malarias, regulations and high prices will begin. The "Paint Pots" and "Sulphur Mountains" may be sold to stock companies for utilization and Falls and Geysers can be set to work running elevators, heating apartments and cooking the food of mammoth hotels. The tent will be folded and laid away and the camp fire extinguished.

How great has been our privilege to follow so closely the trail of the Indian and the pioneer. We met a very unique family party on our way hither. A father, mother, daughter, and son, each mounted

on a mare followed by her colt, and as a rear guard, a big dog followed by a small one. The party proceeded in single file in the order enumerated, even when fording the river; the colts and dogs swimming without breaking rank. The children were quite young, but brave, rosy and happy as larks. We learned that they lived on a ranch in Montana. They had not even a tent for shelter; their blankets and provisions were compactly packed and each mare carried part.

The Midway Geyser Basin is but four miles from Marshall's log hotel. Here is the largest hot spring, and the geyser throwing the greatest volume of water in the known world. "Hell's half acre" is the name universally accepted on the spot. We found it awful as its name. It includes three pools of boiling water in a state of constant overflow and the immense geyser known as the "Great," the "Excelsior," or the "Sheridan." A "Tourist's Road," designated by a sign board, leads directly down into a swiftly flowing and deep river, which at the time of our crossing was changed in color and much increased in volume, by cataracts pouring over the opposite bank for a space of fifty or sixty yards. The terrors of the Half acre were hidden by dense clouds of spray and steam. Dismounting from our dripping wagon we walked over a narrow, treacherous looking road around three vast pools filled to their brims with boiling water. On each side as you look at the other, you tremble

to realize how fragile is the crust on which you just stood. The eye cannot measure the depth of these cavities, but their incurved sides are like intricate carvings of translucent marble. All these pools have paroxysms of boiling and overflow; but the Excelsior, which previous to the spring of 1879, presented the same characteristics, then became suddenly the enormous intermittent, spouting geyser it now is. The interval between its eruptions is not yet determined.

The Excelsior has an aperture of oval shape, two hundred and fifty long by one hundred and eighty feet wide; its walls are nearly perpendicular and their depth varies from twenty to forty feet. We had arrived just at the close of a great performance and the water was sinking rapidly with a terrific gurgling into the unfathomable throats or chimneys of the basin. In a few moments the very last drop disappeared, steam ceased to ascend and all became quiet as if the giant below slept to gather strength for another outbreak. The situation though interesting, was far from comfortable, and with steam soaked garments and wet, hot boots, we re-crossed the river, regained the road and proceeded on our rough way,—walking the remaining five miles to the place from which I write. We found at every rod of the path some unique object or some picturesque view. The wonders of the Upper Basin, scarcely three miles square, are unrivalled. Fuel and pure water are compar-

atively scarce and the selection of our camping ground was not unanimously made.

Although the Fire Hole Basin river flows through this heated valley, it receives all the overflow of at least a thousand boiling pools and geysers; any one of the latter exceeding in its daily or hourly outpour any artificial fountain that rises to beautify our cities at man's bidding. Our tent is near the river on a small grassy knoll. Directly between us and the stream is a noisy little fountain which we have named "Ours." It boils up from its central bowl for just twenty minutes, then throws up a single jet which falls separated in a thousand lines of gems and rainbows. The sight of this little object alone compensates for the fatigue of many a long walk. When the breeze arose at eventide its warm spray was wafted even within our tent. We have also a natural laundry near by, furnished with stone tubs into which the water flows clear and sufficiently cool for use. The boys have succeeded in washing therein our camp linen and tins till they have the color of snow and silver.

A ludicrous incident has just occurred. A stray mule from another camp has eaten one towel and was caught in the act of swallowing a fragment of a second. We are not alone in this strange, weird region. Other tents are stationed wherever a bit of grassy meadow, or a green knoll, once a geyser cone, rises from the barren, silicious sources of ever flowing brooks.

LAST SUNDAY IN CAMP.

WATCHING THE GREAT SPOUTERS. TWO ERUPTIONS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE GRAND GEYSER OF THE WORLD. RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION. DEPARTURE FROM THE PARK.

Upper Geyser Basin,
Sunday, Aug. 13.

IT is the Sabbath day. Everything around us seems to move. There is a strong breeze blowing from the south, the river flows noisily over its rocky bed, several of the big fountains of the basin are in full play, and from our position four are visible. We scarcely know where to allow our eyes to linger. By walking less than quarter of a mile, we can stand close beside, climb upon, or look straight down the throats of five unrivalled geysers. There are literally hundreds of "Spouters" in full view.

The "Castle, Giant, Beehive, Saw Mill, Grotto, T'an and the Grand" have each given a magnificent exhibition within the past twenty-four hours. The Giantess and Willow are yet waited for. The frequency and duration of the eruptions and the height of the column or jet thrown up by the ten chief geysers has been determined with tolerable accuracy.

The Castle seems to us most imposing in form, the Grotto most beautiful, but old Faithful is the most punctual in his appearance. The throats of the "T'an" diverging in a straight line from a central chimney explain the peculiar shape its jets present. This geyser is the first that the traveler sees of the celebrated ten of the Basin. The Beehive has precisely the form of an old style straw hive; it stands on a perfectly flat, barren white "half acre," and as it is not over four feet high its single chimney can be very easily "looked into." This is a very beautiful geyser, rising once in twenty-four hours, in a single jet two feet in diameter at its base. Frequent puffings of steam and severe rumblings precede its eruption, and those who wait near this or others of its kin, must take warning, and flee with all speed, or bear, perhaps, the fatal result of a douche of scalding water falling from the great height of two hundred and twenty feet.

The columnar masses of water rising at intervals from the vertical or sinuous chimneys of the Castle and the Grotto are wonderfully picturesque. Their principal orifices are from three to five feet in diameter, sending up columns from fifty to one hundred feet; but from other lesser throats within and around the milk-white edifices, a hundred smaller jets arise, all playing together from twenty to thirty minutes. The effect of these swift-moving waters, in bright sunlight and clad in many rainbows, towards the blue sky and afterwards break-

ing in a gem-like shower on marble-like domes, walls and terraces beneath, is a scene of rare splendor. "Old Faithful" is the soul of punctuality. He is a favorite with all whose hours here are limited. Every sixty-seven seconds the year round, he throws up a column of water six feet in diameter at the base, to the height of two hundred feet. The cone of this great geyser is somewhat flattened and affords excellent footing to those who care to inspect nearly the home of the only spouter who never changes his habits.

We have been doubly favored within twenty-four hours by two displays of the "Grand Geyser of the World," so called by scientists. A foot bridge spans the river and on the summit of a little ridge lying close to the green foothills is the twenty by twenty-five foot bowl from which rises at intervals not yet determined, the most enormous, the grandest of grand fountains. Two Bostonians left camp yesterday, after waiting three days in vain for the sight we have enjoyed twice within the twenty-four hours following their departure. They will set down this fountain in their records as untrustworthy, and with reason.

The waters of the Saw Mill, Giantess and Grand have built no edifice above the surface. They rise from basins, or from pools, quiet and peaceful looking enough till within a few moments before an eruption. Then subteranean noises increase, steam issues at short intervals and the "Safety

valves" or "Indicators" near begin to emit jets of hot water. The basin fills or the pool overflows and suddenly, with a noise "harder" than thunder, the immense column shoots up into the sky as if it would actually vanish from sight in the blue depths above. The Grand throws its mighty column to the known height of four hundred feet, and almost unbrokenly for half that distance, when it parts and hundreds of gracefully curved jets spread still upward, for a few seconds lingering there and then breaking like shattered atoms of heaven's pearly gates turning to ashy dross as earth is touched. We all gazed spell-bound at this glorious spectacle, which was repeated six times at intervals of two minutes. I was conscious that the lady by my side was timing the eruptions by her watch.

The next forenoon at eleven o'clock as we were seated watching for the Beehive's debut we heard Ernest shout "There goes the Indicator!" and all started at full speed for the vicinity of the Grand, about an eighth of a mile distant. Mrs. F. and M. B. R. never need be expected to make better time than they did on that unexpected occasion. We were fully recompensed for our pains, and stood short-breathed and weary, with a score of other fortunates, at the foot of the Grand, where the spectacle of the preceding afternoon was repeated. Would that we could divide our remembrance with the disappointed Boston pilgrims.

To-morrow we commence our return journey to Beaver Canyon and the semi-civilized life of the frontier of Idaho and Wyoming. We leave some interesting localities unvisited; and hope another season to explore Lower Creek and Falls, the region around the Snowy and the Specimen Mountains and eastern shores of the Yellowstone Lake. We leave with genuine regret the National Park; where, added to the charm of its delicious air, the grandeur of its mountains and waterfalls, and the unique beauty of its geyser scenery, we have found the joy of absence from the "vanities and cares that wither life and waste its little hour."

